LONDON LIFE.

No. 6. LONDON, JUNE 28th, 1879. ONE PENNY.

THE DUCHESS AND THE CAPTAIN.

DUCHESS AND CAPTAIN.

The occurrences of high life are so little known to the general public, except through the medium of the Divorce Court, that we may be pardoned in citing one of the many instances of intrigue which, if veiled by the well organised system of secrecy of which the aristocracy are such adepts, are yet indulged in by the "ton." The captain has just arrived, the duchess is not yet ready for the nice little trip they have arranged to take, and so the gallant officer, rather than wait in the chilly atmosphere of the drawing room, presuming on the liberty of an old friend (of the Duke of course), has introduced himself to "my lady," in "my lady's boudoir," at a moment of interest in her toilette. In Paris such a circumstance is not at all singular; in high society it is openly known, and universally acknowledged, but in London, at least at the West-End, it is not considered the correct thing for such an incident of my lady's favour to be known beyond my lady's household, except, of course, to ourselves.

DRINK.

(CONTINUED.)

It is now eight o'clock; the shades of evening are gathering around; the city has long been deserted by the heterogeneous mass of mankind who pursue their daily avocations within its narrow limits. The busses, trains and trams are almost empty, and crime begins to crawl along to its nightly haunts, when we find ourselves at the east end of London, in the neighbourhood of Shadwell.

The gas is being lit as we enter the portals of a large, gorgeously decorated gin palace, with plate-glass front, looking-glass sides and back, lustrous chandeliers, and mahogany fittings rimmed round with gold.

This is a full licensed house, worth at least fifteen thousand pounds. A bench of magistrates, in their immaculate wisdom, have unanimously justified its existence, so it must be an establishment of use and benefit.

Faugh! How it reeks of gin and the fumes of foul tobacco, though. Behind the bar four smart young men with their shirt sleeves tucked up to their elbows are vigorously at work at the engines, and taps, and tills, and before it, what a corrupted mass of degraded humanity? Groups of blear-eyed women, whose clothes are as foul as their breaths, and words fouler than either, cluster in one compartment, pouring the burning lava, served as "gin," down their parched throats, with horrible avidity and fearful exclamations, some with elfish babes, sucking poison from their loathsome breasts, and others leering into the pinched imploring faces of scantily dressed waifs at their side.

In another, a rowdy crowd of men are assembled, hiccuping snatches of lewd songs, drinking, swearing and blaspheming.

In a third,—a select compartment,—tradesmen are assembled, trying to drown their embarrasments in potations "pottle deep," and in the fourth is a conglomeration of all the others,—women tippling by themselves, or in company, men soaking sullenly, or fiercely drinking in desperate excitement, some standing apart with gleaming glances and lowering brows, and in a corner, sitting on rude forms, are a cluster of sailors, dandling loose women on their knees, whose blowsed faces, and tawdry finery proclaim their trade without further description.

And thus the hours fly along amidst scenes of riot, debauchery, and vice.

Presently a sailor lurches from his seat and topples heavily on the floor, his boon companions stagger forward to pick him up, some rough fellows press around, the girls assail them with ribald language, and in the twinkling of an eye there ensues a wild melée of contending factions.

"Turn 'em out!" roars the landlord.

The barmen leap over the counter with accustomed speed, and interfere in the contention; legs, arms, and fists are freely used, the doors bang backwards and forwards, and the drunken crew are hurled headlong into the street, with blood streaming from their heads and faces.

"Bravo!" cries the landlord, admiringly.

The barmen vault back jauntily, hoarse shouts of laughter echo around, and the carnival is carried along more fiercely than ever.

This is a delineation of the foul effects of drink.

At midnight we are at the West-End. Carriages and cabs are dashing along in all directions, parties of revellers are staggering along the quiet thoroughfares, showily dressed women are flitting about, or standing at street corners, excited coteries are bustling into public-houses for the last drink, policemen are loitering stolidly at the doors, waiting for their perquisites when the turn-out is effected, and the whole scene is one of feverish bustle and excitement.

Pushing our way laughingly by the janitor at the door of an inn in the immediate neighbourhood of the Princess's Theatre, for, by this time, we begin to feel in a state of sublime elevation, and consequently stand very little upon ceremony, we struggle our way through an animated collection of ladies and gentlemen, who are equally as oblivious of care as ourselves, and contend stoutly for the last "go."

The company here are very merry and good-humoured; satisfaction lights up every face, conversation flows freely, but not offensively, a light sparkling vein of hilarity pervades all, and courtesy abounds. No bad temper is displayed; no fits of spleen are observable, the best part of human nature bubbles to the surface, and brotherly fraternity reigns supreme.

We are amongst a jolly lot now, at any rate, and being naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind, we desire to know the cause of this exceptional exhibition of mirth and politeness. All is soon explained. These good folks have been to the "Princess's," and after witnessing a ghastly drama, so far from being appalled by the sensational show, they have actually turned into the nearest "pub," as the last act of the evening's entertainment, and unconsciously afforded us the opportunity of sketching "the debatable ground of Drink."

FASCINATING FOREIGNER OF ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

CHAPTER VI.

Brapton had ascertained at "Belasco's" in Rupert Street, the previous evening, the nature of the appointment made by Harry with Bianca, and inflamed with rage and jealousy, and smarting under the personal degradation he had undergone, he determined that he also would be present at the "Argyll," hoping that he might somehow devise means whereby he might at one and the same time be avenged both on our hero and Bianca.

He arrived there long before they did, but paid but little attention to what was going on around him.

The gay votaries of pleasure kept flocking in, and thronged the long buffets which were provided both in the gallery and in the smaller saloon downstairs.

Young guardsmen from the club or the opera kept dropping in, and a running fire of chaff, not perhaps of the most delicate kind, was kept up between them and the fair Aspasias with whom they were sipping champagne.

The toilettes of these latter were in the extreme of fashion, and were adapted to display rather than to conceal the, in some cases, fully developed charms of these leaders of the demi-monde.

"Levy" of course was there, and gained, as he always did gain, applause for his inimitable solos on the cornet-a-piston.

"B—b B—gn—ll" was there, courteous and smiling, and withal having a sharp eye to business, taking a glass of champagne with my Lord, or exchanging a few words with "Hortense," or "Baby," or some other favourite of his in the gay assemblage.

When the magnificent band struck up, many of them joined in the Terpsichorean exercise, and those who did so were not restrained, by any affectation of prudery, from making their skill as waltzers but subsidiary to the display of their other charms.

Closely were their but half concealed busts pressed against their partners, their eyes, which had an artificial brilliancy imparted to them by the combined effects of belladona and champagne, flashed glances of passion towards their companions in the mazy dance.

They skilfully manœuvred their skirts so as to display the exquisitely small boots, which were a triumph of "Pinet's" art, and more than a suspicion of the silk stockings which surmounted them.

The whole scene was redolent of voluptuous and lustful luxury, which at ordinary times could not have failed to have an effect on a man like "Brapton," who was a slave to the grossest passions.

But on this occasion these had no charm for him, he had eyes but for one thing, and that was the arrival of Bianca and our hero.

Many of the gay Cyprians there knew him well enough, and for reasons of their own, wished to stand well with him, and, therefore, attempted to enter into conversation with him, and even tried to induce him to join them in the consumption of the sparkling beverage of Epernay, but the answers they received soon caused them to desist from their well-meant efforts, and to wonder for a moment what was the matter with one who was ordinarily so very chatty, and willing to be entertained at other people's expense.

Suddenly his absorbed sullen demeanour was changed into one of fierce excitement, as he spied the pair, for whom he was laying wait, enter the room arm-in-arm together.

They were delightfully unconscious of his presence, and were very quickly the admired of all observers.

Brapton was inflamed with rage and jealousy at the glances of admiration and appreciation of his successful rival, which were cast towards them by the numerous bevy of women who clustered to obtain a better view of the comely pair.

He never took his eyes off them from the time they entered the rooms until just as they were leaving, and then he could restrain his pent-up feelings no longer, and called Harry's attention to his presence in a manner we described in our last, and thus addressed him.

"For the second time I warn you to desist from the prosecution of your design; the next time I shall act, not speak."

Harry was more than half inclined to throw the fellow down stairs there and then, and so save further trouble, but a trembling pressure of the little hand upon his arm prevented him.

So he merely turned away with a scornful laugh, and a contemptuous recommendation to the impertinent intruder to be a little more careful of his language, or he might bring upon himself a repetition of his chastisement of the previous evening.

He led Bianca to her brougham, which was driven rapidly away, and the last thing he saw, as they left the entrance to the Argyll, was Brapton shaking his fist in impotent rage, and Harry laughed consumedly as he threw himself back on his seat.

Not so, however, Bianca.

To his surprise, he found her greatly agitated, and in tears, and tenderly asked her the cause of her unwonted distress.

"That man's words are no idle threat," she replied. "Be sure he means mischief towards one or both of us, and that he has the power of carrying into effect the evil that he intends us."

But Harry only laughed at what he termed her "foolish presentiment of evil," and so assiduously did he set himself to calm her fears, and persuade her of the groundlessness of her apprehensions, that before they had arrived at St. John's Wood Bianca had recovered her natural light-heartedness, and was ready to laugh at her own fears.

Alas, her fears were only too prophetic.

Harry had, during one of the intervals between the dances, made his friend the "Marquis" promise to bring Stella to dine with him and Bianca the following day, in order that night to go in a party to Vauxhall.

Harry had neither eyes nor ears for any one but his fair companion, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that he did not notice a man skulking about their neighbourhood, and listening intently to their conversation.

That man was "Brapton," and he overheard every word they said and was consequently cognisant of their plans for the following evening.

A bitter smile passed over his features, and a baleful glance gleamed from his light grey eyes, as he muttered to himself—

"Perhaps they might be interrupted in their amusement."

But Harry recked nothing of this, and if he had, he would only have laughed it to scorn.

They were a very merry party at Hanover Cottages, the next day.

All Bianca's fears had vanished before Harry's persuasive eloquence.

Harry laid himself out to his uttermost to play the host as it should be played, and no man knew how to do so better than he, and on this occasion his efforts were ably seconded by Bianca.

They were all in the highest spirits, Bianca, perhaps, the merriest of the lot.

They determined to make a long night of it at Vauxhall, and therefore, soon after dinner, Bianca's brougham was at the door, a hired one being in readiness for the "Marquis" and Stella.

There was a varied bill of fare provided for their delectation, at the Royal Gardens, under the able direction of Mr. R. Duffell.

There was Mr. P. Corri and Mr. Russell Grover in the concert room, to say nothing of Mr. J. G. Forde, the then celebrated buffo. There was a ballet under the direction of the inimitable Flexmore. There was Mr. James Robinson in the circus, and, of course, the fireworks, the ascent on the tight-rope by Signor Duvalli, and the inevitable 30,000 extra variegated lamps.

Harry and Bianca had come there determined to enjoy themselves, and so had their friends, and when that is the case there is usually little disposition to find fault with trifles, even supposing there had been anything to find fault with, which there was not.

They one and all gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the moment. Little did they any of them think of the terrible future which was impending.

And least of all did Bianca.

She was forgetful of all her cares, and happy in her new found love.

New found love did I say—her only love.

She had never really loved before.

And she, when her passionate nature was aroused, threw her whole heart into the sentiment that, through good report or evil report, overwhelmed her.

And "when music arose with its voluptuous swell, soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again, and all went merry as a marriage bell."

It was now getting near the hour of midnight; and Bianca and Harry were once more engaged in the fascinating mazes of the waltz.

When a sharp report was heard, and with one wild cry Bianca fell back DEAD in his arms, shot through the heart.

* * *

Years have passed by since then, but the sweet memory of the few happy hours which our hero had passed with the only woman he ever loved, still linger, and will never be obliterated from his heart.

That active and intelligent officer "Brapton" was first on the scene of the terrible tragedy, but failed to discover the perpetrator of the dastardly deed, although he, in the first instance, attempted to fix the crime upon Harry.

Brapton has long since been dismissed from the force which he had so long disgraced, and died the death of a dog in Marylebone Workhouse.

The "Marquis" married to Stella, is now the leading partner in the bank where he was once a clerk, and he and Harry are still fast friends.

The murderer of Bianca was never brought to justice, but there was little doubt in Harry's mind who was virtually, if not actually, the perpetrator of the foul deed.

The "Marquis," never speaks on the subject, he fears to again re-open wounds which the lapse of time have scarcely cicatrised, but Stella has less reservation, and, sometimes, when she and Harry are talking over the old and happy times when they were both in the spring-tide of youth, it is to him almost a pleasant sorrow to recall the memory of the dear one, whom he loved so passionately, and who was torn from him so tragically and so suddenly.

Many a time and oft has Stella, in her beautiful villa at Sydenham, gently called his attention to the old story, of which he never wearied.

He loved once and once only.

And he knew that his darling, although she might have erred, and even if she had erred, was heart and soul his own, and that her errors were rather forced upon her than courted by her.

He is still unmarried, and although Providence has smiled upon his ventures, and he has amassed a very considerable fortune, he has never yet, and, I prophecy, never will, find one whom he would consider worthy to take the place of the lost Bianca.

"She loved much," and to her shall "much be forgiven."

THE END.

An artiste in the provinces lately engaged a bedroom. It was all that could be desired, but in the corner was a cupboard, and in that cupboard were whips, which the landlady brought in farmers to see, with a view to purchase, at 5 o'clock every morning. The artiste slung his hook.

NOTICE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—"*London Life*" *will be forwarded by post for six months on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for 3s 3d. Post office orders to be made payable to* HENRY PEARCE, *at the Ludgate Circus Office.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is requested that all communications on literary matters may be addressed to the Editor, and those on business to the Publisher, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.*

FELIX S. (Southampton).—Much obliged, but your fears are groundless, for we have our reputation to study, and shall, although smart, be very careful in our writing.

GEORGE HAWKIN, (Oxford).—Write to Randolph Cook, the Groves, Chester, he will give you all the imformation you require.

AERONAUT, (Manchester).—It was Captain Morton's Balloon, the Alexandra, that ascended from the Pomona Gardens, and after travelling a long distance, capsized, thereby injuring Morton and a young solicitor who accompanied him.

RITUALIST, (Bath).—Your bigotry surpasses your insolence and ignorance, however, despite your threats, we shall go on fearlesly.

QUIZ, (Brixton Road).—You are quite right, and we are glad to hear from you that our paper, unlike some others, is neither indecent or offensive.

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1879.

THE Queen has for once disregarded the voice of the charmer, John Brown, and listened to the voice of her people, especially the silvery tones of her favourite, Jester, who is privileged to sit at her feet, so as to be near his Royal Mistress, to help counsel and advise her, and has conferred the decoration of the Victoria Cross on the undermentioned officers and soldiers of Her Majesty's army whose names have been submitted for Her Majesty's approval, for their gallant conduct during the recent operations in South Africa, as recorded against their names, viz. —

Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Redvers H. Buller, C.B., 60th Rifles, for his gallant conduct during the retreat at Zlobani, on the 28th March, 1879.

Major William K. Leet, 1st Batallion, 18th Regiment, for his gallant conduct on the 28th March, 1879.

Surgeon-Major James Henry Reynolds, Army Medical Department, for his conspicuous bravery, during the attack at Rorke's Drift on the 22nd and 23rd of January, 1879.

Lieut. Edward S. Browne, 1st Batallion, 24th Regiment, for his gallant conduct at Zloboni on the 29th March, 1879.

Private Wassal, 80th Regiment, for gallant conduct at Isandlana, on the 22nd January, 1879.

All honour to those brave fellows, whose names will be inscribed on the roll of history, and handed down to posterity as having done their duty in following the Flag of England, the Emblem of the Free, for does not our Minstrel sing:

At Agincourt and Cressy too
It saw the foeman fly,
And at Trafalgar bravely flew
Where Nelson low did lie.
By false Ambition's guilty stain,
Polluted it shan't be.
But as of yore shall still remain
The Emblem of the Free!

Glory follows in its wake,
O'er every land and sea,
Before its power tyrants quake,
Oppressors bend the knee.
Sweetest strains of welcome cheer
In harmony and glee,
The flag to progress ever dear,
The Emblem of the Free!

* * *

Poor Jo! Left his home last week, in search of ideas, a poor married man. After wandering about several days in his anxious quest, Poor Jo discovered one, and that was to astonish his distressed wife with "I dear," at the finish of his adventurous ramble.

* * *

Mr. O'Donnell has interrogated the Home Secretary, who Jester regrets to find is always Cross, concerning the sale of indecent and vicious literature in the streets of the metropolis, and the answer he received was that the police knew all about it. O'Donnell then shut up, as he feared to Cross question. Subsequently the *Echo* took up the hue and cry, and propounded a remedy for the disease. Certainly the sale of disgusting literature is not to be tolerated. The poor fool quite agrees with his two brothers there. But how can it be stopped? Passmore Edwards, of the *Echo*, says by the philanthropic plan of selling "rags" at less than cost price. Don't Passmore! pray don't kid. The idea of such advice from you is too funny to be taken seriously. Fancy you, who allow the poor ragged boys and girls who vend your ha'penny *Echo*, less profit than any other publisher, going in for philanthropy. No doubt you're a decent sort of fellow, but don't, Passmore, pray don't! you'll make me split.

* * *

Perhaps it would have been as well, though, if Mr. O'Donnell had stated to what journals or newspapers he referred, as he certainly couldn't have meant "One and All."

* * *

An old saw. Wine and water mixed is considered to be a good thing for "life."

* * *

Don't things look rosy when units count for hundreds, 251, 614. But that may be a Hebrew way of ountiing. O'Donnell and Passmore have knocked something down for falsehood to try and pick up.

* * *

I am told that Charley Wilkins, the affable of the Marylebone Music Hall, takes in *London Life*, and always turns to the page containing the "Fascinating Foreigner of St. John's Wood." I don't wonder at it, for I am sure he well recollects the Italian Signora, who used to visit the Catherine Wheel, opposite the Argyll. Ah, Charley, those were happy days.

* * *

The Afghan Chief that appeared at the Winchester on Wednesday was a wonderful make up, although I fancy I've seen him before at the Holborn in a different style of dress.

* * *

I understand that Harry Meade will open at the "Royal Music Hall" on Saturday, with his "Ballet Troupe." It is sure to be a success, for he is supported by Etherdo and Walter Morgan.

Mr. Wyman, the printer of *Truth*, attended at the Queen's Bench Division, to receive sentence on account of libels published in that journal against M. Lambri. The court ordered him to pay a fine of £50 to the Queen, and to enter into his own recognisances in £250 to be of good behaviour for twelve months.

* * *

Application was made in the Queen's Bench Division to discharge the rule for a new trial obtained by the plaintiff in the action, "Robertson v. Labouchere," on account of a libel published in *Truth*. The rule was discharged accordingly.

* * *

O, ye dealers in Truth, and Lions of Society, when will ye learn to *lie* down with the innocent *Lamb*-ris.

* * *

We are informed that the R.A.O.B. (G.L.E.) are about to have another Fête at the Rye House shortly. How about the last year's balance sheet?

* * *

It is supposed that Host Gouldstone, of the Jolly Gardeners, Lambeth Walk, has turned Liberal; at all events, there must have been some reason why he closed the doors of the Beaconsfield Lodge against the Buffs; my informant thinks that it must have been the name he objects to. Well, I don't wonder, for Beaky is losing most of hisfriends, and has not even a *Champion* left, and no *Orders of Merit* to give away to *Bungs*.

* * *

We understand that a certain Baker, and a Booking Office Keeper, not a thousand miles distant from the "Elephant and Castle," have signed articles for a Glove Fight for the Championship of the London Road.

* * *

The Duke of Cambridge must enjoy the weather, especially the continued downpour of rain; it will help to cool his burning temples, throbbing with the grand conception of some masterly campaign against Cetewayo, which shall totally eclipse the military genius of the Great Napoleon.

* * *

The other afternoon, while strolling in Hyde Park, I was attracted by an aged female roundly abusing two of our "gilded youths," one of whom was holding the ribbons of a stylish phaeton, which he had pulled up to rest awhile under the trees; his friend was smoking a cigarette with the utmost composure. The exposé was very public, and hardly pleasant for the recipients of her strong invectives. Possibly a slighted fair daughter might have caused the excited virago's torrent of abuse.

* * *

If this present charming weather continues much longer, there will be a good opening for a "London Gondola Company, Limited," which would replace Hansoms, which were not intended for the water.

* * *

I met the "English King of the Jews" a few day's since, walking near Buckingham Palace, and could not help noticing his downcast aspect and shaky walk, he only wanted an "old clo" bag, and would then have looked every inch, not an English Earl, but a regular "old clo' man," He still apes the dandy, a lamentable spectacle in so aged a person, truly.

* * *

But, theer, when the fool has had a bad night's rest, and is in ill health, he must appear in public, so he paints his cheek, dons his parti-coloured garb, and appear as

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

The Oxford and Royal Music Halls on Saturday afternoons may be reckoned among the curiosities of the metropolis. The afternoon performances are ostensibly for the public, but eighty per cent. of the audience are music-hall artists, who are present to criticise their brethren and sisteren on the stage. Emperors of Comiques, Queens of Antilles, Princesses of Serio-Comedy, and other royalty of the profession jostle each other at the bars, and let out the secrets of the prison house to the outside world. If anyone ever doubted the cleverness of a comic singer, let him go to one of these matinées; every comique will tell you himself how extremely talented he is, and how inferior all the rest are, every serio will descant upon her own virtue and account for Nelly this and Sally that keeping their broughams. Those in engagements will tell you the fabulous salaries they receive, and those out of a shop will whisper to you how the agents work against them, and what low wages are taken by the pros in work. The acrobats will tell you how the comics are ruining the profession, and the comics will growl at the acrobats for not keeping to the circuses. In fact they all wash their dirty linen at the bars and then wonder that people find out it is not spotless.

* * *

I wonder if anybody has ever heard what became of the few shillings that were realised at the Agricultural Hall Benefit for the Drury Lane Theatre employés. It wasn't enough to divide, but somebody has done something with the balance. Will somebody say what?

* * *

W. B. Fair, of the Winchester, advertises himself as Lieutenant. Would it B fair to ask in what regiment? Perhaps he means left-tenant of the Winchester.

* * *

Albert De Voy boasted the other day that he is going to "double" clown and pantaloon next Christmas at the Surrey. I shall certainly go and see how it is done.

* * *

Tom Lovell, the Surrey and Britannia clown, has turned out a running man. He authorises me to challenge any one legged man in London for a ten mile race.

* * *

With Joe Cave as proprietor, and little George Cave as acting manager, the "Vic." isn't at all likely to "Cave in."

* * *

I hear that "Drink" at the Princess's is to be followed by "Rum" at the "Vic," and by "Hollands" at the Surrey.

* * *

Stevenson and Brandon have brought out a "Dramatic Circular." Though it is *Circular* it is not a work that anyone can *round* on.

* * *

Kissing is becoming a criminal offence; twenty-three shillings last week but one was the price for osculation on Tooting Common. Last week Mr. Etienne Arguiller has had to part twenty-eight shillings for a "buss" in Leicester Square. We ought to have a proper tariff so as to know the exact price, or, stay, suppose that it be decided by a quorum of good looking young fellows, including the ladies' favourite,

SQUIB.

NICE GIRLS.

We have now to deal with a very delicate subject, a very just subject, and withal a very pleasant subject, for whatever may be written, said, and imagined about our girls, (not Byron's "ours"), we esteem it a great honour in according our testimony to the delightful fact that nice girls are not adorable beings of the past, but reign in our midst with charming modesty, and inimitable grace, despite the tearing inroads made into the beautiful domain of gentle maidenhood by the saucy girls of the period. The fashion is now-a-days to write and talk of our rising womanhood in a satirical, cynical, or incredulous vein, as if the standard of merit can only be taken from what is apparent to the public judgment, forgetting that in many a homestead there bloom as sweet specimens of nature's best handiwork as ever inspired a poet's lyre, or entranced the spirit of sterner manhood; and if sometimes in our delineations of every day life in the great metropolis, we have, as truthful chroniclers of present and passing events, to publish to the light of day many scenes and circumstances which reflect discredit upon some of the ways and means of feminine livelihood, it is with the more intense satisfaction that we bear testimony to the real existence in London itself, with all its falsehood, duplicity, overreaching, profligacy, lewdness, materialism, artifice and humbug, of exquisite beauty allied to excellence. We have not yet lost the happy simplicity of home, we still have regard for its artless surroundings, and if the stream of innovation carries along the vain, and pretentious, to the length of absurdity (as light things ever flow quickest with the tide), it is still our comfort to know that the old-fashioned sentiment of domestic purity is not quite extinct, but that the rather its benignant influence yet permeates a sterling portion of the community, under the genial warmth of which there blossom sense and refinement, heightening the expression of grace and loveliness.

Nice girls, thank goodness, do not dwell only in images of fiction, they live and breathe, and charm, and if they do not appear so often to the eye of the superficial observer as desire might wish, it affords no ground of wonder for it is ever found that the sweetest flowers thrive in the most secluded dells.

Now, in penning this article, we do not deny that we live in a very prosaic age, an age in which most subjects are ground down to the dead level of plain fact, and, therefore, much as our task might tempt us to revel in the bright regions of fancy, we must yield deference to the requirements of the hour, and deal only in that commodity for which there is the most demand, viz., fact. Well, then, the fact is, that in our "little village" there is more variety of matter, and a greater diversity of character than can be found in any other city of the world, and a larger assortment of ladies than ever Brigham Young (poor old Brig., what an innings he had) could ever have produced in the most palmy days of Mormonism. There are good ladies and naughty ladies, fat ladies and thin ladies, saucy ladies and quiet ladies, beautiful ladies and——no, not ugly ladies, for we protest that we have none such in London. Ladies of no virtue, ladies of easy virtue, and ladies of pure virtue, and, in the latter category, we class our nice girls, the gentle beings whose welfare is so dear to our hearts, whose presence is so indispensable to our homes.

Perhaps this subject may be smiled at as merely a lover's theme, more fit for a novelist's manipulation, than a journalist's serious consideration—more desirable for the inspiration of fiction, than the elucidation of matter of fact. If such a treasonable objection against the cause of the best of womankind can be entertained for a moment, we simply combat it by the assertion that if satire is legitimately employed in correcting the absurdities of the vain, so surely is commendation sensibly used in extolling the virtues of the good, and whenever goodness enriches beauty it is within the functions of any scribe to proclaim a just appreciation of what he knows and what he feels, for if we survey the matter, say, only from the standpoint of love, it must be taken into consideration what a powerful factor this element is in the general concerns of life. When an accepted suitor crushes the warm palpitating form of his beloved in his arms, and literally scorches her delicate cheeks with his fierce hot kisses, whilst endeavouring in incoherent words to give expression to the burning passion, upsetting for the nonce the equilibrium of his mind, the occasion is often fraught with more momentous consequences than any other in the whole period of his existence, for then the die is cast for weal or woe; the consummation of marriage being merely the endorsement of vows, making them irrevocable. Then who shall say that this subject which leads up to that epoch which divides youth from manhood, or celibacy from cohabitation is unworthy the philosophical man, or the meditation of cold impartial reason. Who shall rule that the mind is not honoured in the exercise of it, and the judgment refreshed by the very beauty of the survey. Heavens! this is a matter worthy of genius itself, reflecting a thousand different expressions, blending harmoniously innumerable shades.

But possibly it may be asked by many a sighing gallant, or self-sufficient fast young blade, who considers pertness spirit and obscenity wit, where are "nice girls" to be found, or how are they to be distinguished? Experience teaches that the sex is designing, sly, and, of course, alluring, and when captivated by a handsome face, or caught by a sparkling, mischievous eye, the devil of it is how is one to discover the composition of their being, or the characteristics of their nature? Concealment seems their natural forte, and cunning appears inborn.

Well, it cannot be denied, that choosing girls is like buying horses, with the additional disadvantage, that you cannot have the first few weeks on trial; so, in making a choice of your darling, you should critically note her points, be assured of her pedigree, and have a good warranty, and this where you have the advantage in bargaining for nice girls, for these, as a rule, are the pets of home, and wherever you find a real reluctance in the original possessors to part with their darlings, you may rest assured that their praises are genuine, and kiss your chosen one with raptuorous affection, proud, happy, and thankful in having succeeded in winning a "NICE GIRL."

LONDON LIFE.

I've wandered o'er the world,
And not been much too critical,
To find unkindly missiles hurled,
So that they're words satirical;
And not a weapon like a knife,
Which pain inflicts that's physical,
But still I must know "London Life,"
To that I'm not inimical,
* * *
For "London Life" has charms for me,
Though guarded not by monopoly,
Which you will unto me unfold,
And speaking out like warrior bold,
Fearing no foe, but resolute
To give exposure absolute,
To shams which round us are so rife,
In this new phase of "London Life."

FAST HUSBANDS.

This class of men are far more common than people generally suppose or believe, especially their own wives, to whom, in most cases, they are paragons of perfection.

They may be divided into two classes—

First, those whose conduct and way of life is such that leaves not the least doubt as to their gay and frisky propensities.

Such men are to be seen in shoals flirting with pretty barmaids, and, in fact, everywhere where a petticoat is to be found. As flies swarm around jam, so do these gay Benedicts hang about pretty girls, who, to use an expression particularly their own, they call "real jam."

It is as much the nature of such men to flit from flower to flower, as for a bee in summer, time to roam in search of honey.

Strange to say, these gay gentlemen, although profuse in their expenditure in drinks, gloves, &c., for Totty, Lottie, and their lady friends, look grudgingly at every shilling required required for home expenditure, and why is this the case? Usually the wives of such men, after marriage, do not take as much pains to charm them as before, and are apt to turn morose and sulky, instead of being lively and interesting. Women would do well to bear in mind that, even after marriage, it is quite as well for their own happiness to make themselves agreeable, otherwise Gay Husbands will be more often the result than not.

The race course, club, and card parties are among the numerous haunts of fast husbands, not forgetting music halls and other naughty places, to which our gay Lotharios are constant visitors.

The second class are of a totally different stamp, and and seldom, if ever, appear in their true colours.

"Still waters run deep," and these elderly fast husbands are, to use a slang expression, very "foxy" in all their gay doings, and, at home, are considered all that is moral and good, setting an excellent example as churchwardens, and being by regular in their attendance at church and family prayers.

No one ever dreams of that snug little party held in the shady groves of the Evangelist, which, when called away upon sudden and important business, these elderly roués are to be found.

Being usually rich men, their domestic relations do not suffer by their profligate extravagance in the saloons of "Anonyma."

They are never seen in public with any female charmer, neither are they ever guilty of an indiscretion likely to imperil their apparently high moral tone.

Naughty old men!!

The greater number of those gorgeous villas where abound in Fulham and St. John's Wood, are, it is said, supported by elderly married men, oftimes fathers of girls as old as those under their protection.

Such things are only known to the few, but, at times, on the death of these veteran roués, facts come to their friends' knowledge which, to say the least, savour of naughty loves, to which a death-bed conscience, if they have any, is the only punishment their wickedness is likely to afford.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WHITELEYOPOLIS.

When George Augustus first began,
With his accustomed great "*elan*,"
To show unto his fellow man,
What he had seen as round he ran
Our vast and great metropolis,

Uninfluenced he by greed of gain,
How could he thus his conscience stain?"
It only was because t'was vain
Virtue to find outside domain
Of charming Whiteleyopolis,

That our attention wrapt he drew,
To gaze upon the favoured few,
So different from me or you,
Or anybody else he knew,
Outside the chaste Acropolis.

This citadel we all must know,
Impregnable front did show,
On every side save one, but, oh!
'Twas weak enough on that, and so
Is virt'ous Whiteleyopolis.

Assailed on that, no stand it makes,
But down to its foundation shakes,
So that Minerva's self it takes,
Not for her temple, but mistakes
It for a huge Necropolis.

A whited sepulchre, indeed!
Like one in holy writ we read,
Without was all that we could need,
Within from cleanliness was freed,
Like lovely Whiteleyopolis.

So fair without, so foul within,
Tell me, I supplicate. Wherein
Consists this closely hidden sin?
The answer is, that 'tis with gin
Their virtue made to topple is.

Whilst outward seeming clearly proves
That every pair of turtle doves
Go there that they may purchase gloves.
It's really for illicit loves,
They visit Whitleyopolis.

Let G. A. S. their virtue vaunt,
To scoffers proudly cry, avaunt;
With want of it the D. T. taunt
The denizens of loosish haunt,
Where fie-fie work a lot there is.

But if you wish for further lore
Concerning this enchanted shore,
You must refer to Number Four
Of "London Life." Who'll tell you more
Concerning Whiteleyopolis.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

June 20th, the anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne of England, published the news of the death of the so-called Prince Imperial of France.

The joy bells pealed forth the anniversary of Constitutional Government. The solemn knell tolled the death of Imperialism in France.

The simple young man whom the Zulus assegaied was the living representative of an exploded idea; and though we regret his death as a citizen, it is useless to disguise the fact that his fall removes from the path of public security a dangerous pretender, who, as the tool of a pitiless party of political adventurers, would have been the embodiment of merciless slaughter, inhuman butchery and infamous tyrrany.

It is well, therefore, that the hope of Bonapartism is gone; and with him falls the curse of Imperialism in France. Imperishable human right will breathe more freely. Carnage, perfidy, and plotting, are brought to a standstill, and will follow him to the grave.

It was wrong of the sporting papers to say that the Prince of Wales and the Princess went to Auteuil Races on a Sunday. The Prince is much hurt at the libel on his sanctity. As the future head of the Established Church, he is known to be the most correct man about town. He never violated any of the commandments.

* * *

He would not sport his "fair proportions," even in Hyde Park, on a Sunday, let alone a French race. It would be a disgrace to the cloth he is destined if he lives, to wear. Broad cloth he could put up with, but not broad talk under trees on the Sabbath.

* * *

An oath would not pass his lips. Guess why? His cigar keeps it in repose.

* * *

"Your Royal Highness," said the Duke Commanding in Chief, one day, "the church is a great institution." He spoke reverently. "Yes, George," replied the Prince blandly, "so is "churching.'"

* * *

There has been a "festival of cats" among the 88th Buffs on the Lower Tugela. A great deal of flogging in the camp and on the march since the reinforcements were landed in Natal. When these heroes left our shores to secure "peace with honour" for the blood-letting Tories, they had "lashings" of praise and applause. Now they find the "reward of valour" in the lash.

* * *

THE RAT AND THE CAT.

(DEDICATED TO THE WAR BISHOPS.)

'Twas long a subject of dismay,
That Frenchmen lived on filthy cats.
But now the French to Bull can say
"Your army needs are long-tailed cats."

* * *

There is a movement on foot for establishing Provident Dispensaries throughout London. The leading officials of the Charity Organization Society have a finger in the pie. If they manage the concern on the lines of their own Organization, the proper name would be Improvident Dispensaries.

* * *

There is a wonderful bull at the Aquarium, which performs a variety of antics with its master on his back. A more marvellous bull is to be found in the House of Nonentities, where Lords most do congregate, in the person of Viscount Cranbrook. He, with his master on his back, jumps over every obstacle that presents itself. It would be impossible to match two such bullies as Cranbrook and Beaconsfield.

* * *

The Court Minstrels, (with blackened faces to hide the blushes their evil doings might call up), Messrs. Stafford Northcote, Manners, Salisbury, and Hart Dyke, are to give a new Conservative entertainment in the City on July 9th. They have a budget of "stories" to tell in the course of the evening, which they will relate with all the energy that "lies" in them.

* * *

They are preparing for the fight at the hustings: no, that is not it, they are getting ready for a flight from office.

* * *

Ignominously kicked out: Lord John Manners will represent that classic person, Jack the Stepper: Salisbury will go in for a breakdown; Northcote will jump in a sack, long since empty; and Hart Dyke show what a Treasury tipster can do in the way of political legerdemain.

* * *

It has been discovered that the secret of Col. Stanley and W. H. Smith's visit to Cyprus was to obtain a wreath for their master, of pure laurel, because the Hebrew monarch has no taste for Tracy Turnerelli's base metal. The Premier goes in for Vic-trees; but his triumph now turns out to be as "the baseless fabric of a vision."

* * *

Sir Bartle Frere has, in his journeying, met with a "cordial reception." It is to be hoped, bad as he is, the Imperial Pro-Consul has not been supplied with a Zulu tonic, as that would affect the High Commissioner with a species of cordial known to be provocative of the staggers. Sir Bartle has caused slaughter enough to make him reel.

* * *

Sir Thomas Chambers in a unique specimen of unassuming modesty. His only compeer is Commissioner Kerr. "Honest Tom Chambers," as he was fain to call himself, has been Recorder of London one year. His salary is only £3000, which he very properly does not consider sufficient. The Common Council have been unkind enough not to think as Tom does, and refused more.

* * *

Talk about a "Ruined Home," we now read of Deserted Chambers with £3000 in them, a "Tom Tiddler's Ground," where barristers would be glad to pick up the gold and silver of the disconsolate Recorder of London, if he would only drop it. He knows better.

* * *

It often O'Kerr—ed to Commissioner Kerr to ask for more pay, and the Corporation never could Kerr him till he got what he asked. The Desolate Chambers may take heart of hope from his successful brother in the law.

* * *

THE NAUGHTY MISS.

(INSCRIBED TO MRS. LANGTRY.)

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;"
The poet asks, with melancholy,
"What can drive her grief away?"
Why, what a dolt the man must be,
To think a woman deems it folly
To kiss—'twill never be her plea,
While kissing is so awful jolly.

BILL POSTERS PAR EXCELLENCE.
MONTAGUE & CO.,
BILL POSTERS,
12, Newcastle Street, Strand, W.C.;
15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.; and
Waterloo Road, S.E.

MR. WALTER BURNOT,
COMIC POET LAUREATE,
AUTHOR AND COMPOSER,
90, Penton Place, Newington Butts,
Late Stage Entrance to the Royal Surrey Gardens.

Printed and Published by Henry Pearce, 15, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.